

BIRDS ARE VALUED

Carrier Pigeons Do Excellent Service for Army.

Many Now Being Trained at the University of Wisconsin Under the Direction of the Government—Made Splendid Record.

Carrier pigeons for the army are now being trained at the University of Wisconsin, and special experiments with the birds are being carried on under the direction of the government. This new war work has been taken up under the direction of Prof. L. J. Cole, head of the department of experimental breeding.

Twenty-five young pigeons have been received from the signal corps for use in flying investigations, and 14 old birds for breeding purposes have been donated by a Cleveland pigeon fancier.

Lieut. W. L. Butler of the central department of the signal corps at Chicago and Maj. Frank Griffin of the Washington office were at the university recently making arrangements for the work.

A warning not to shoot pigeons has been issued by the bureau of information at Washington on account of the large number of homing pigeons which are being trained in various parts of the country. Now that the training is also being carried on in Wisconsin, the people of that state are being warned not to shoot pigeons, and if any bird is found bearing the label "U. S. A. O. 18," the mark borne by all government pigeons, it should be reported to the chief signal officer at Washington.

In the present war homing pigeons play a large part in the carrying of important messages, because they can fly home when telephones, telegraph and wireless have been destroyed, and are rarely hit by gunfire.

The process of training a pigeon for military purposes consists in first taking it about 1,000 yards from home and loosing it so that it can fly back; then the distance is increased and the direction changed as the training progresses.

The average speed of a homing pigeon is from 1,400 to 1,700 yards a minute, although many make much higher speed than this. Important messages in the army are usually sent by two birds in order to insure safe delivery and but few messages are lost. A small aluminum container is fastened to the birds' legs to carry messages, or else the bits of paper are tied directly on the legs.

Stories are recorded daily in the war of life-saving feats accomplished by homing pigeons. A crew of a vessel struck by a submarine recently had just time to free a homing pigeon before the ship sunk. Although the bird was wounded by shots from the German submarine, it flew to another craft 12 miles away and saved the lives of the men floundering about in the water.

Men are in great demand in the homing pigeon operator branch of the signal service. No man of draft age can be inducted into this service, but there is a call for men below twenty-one and over thirty years of age for this work.

Not Charlie Chaplin but Lloyd George. After a meeting which Lloyd George had attended a cheering band of admirers escorted the prime minister to his car. There, in the freedom of her rags and tatters, stood a typical cockney girl. She gazed at the enthusiasts with astonishment and then her eyes glistened as they fell on the features of Lloyd George. "It's Charlie," she cried. "Charlie Chaplin. Give another three cheers." "No, my girl," explained one of the crowd; "it is not Charlie Chaplin. It is the prime minister." "Lloyd George? Good old Lloyd George. Give him six cheers." Admiration could go no further.

Launching Seaplanes. When a big seaplane is to be launched from the deck of a ship it is first "tuned up" on the launching stage. Then the ship is swung into the teeth of the wind and put at full speed. At a signal the pilot starts his engine full speed, while two mechanics braced against cleats on the deck, hold back the tugging seaplane. When the "tone" of the engine is right, the wing commander brings down his flag with a sharp jerk, falls on his face to avoid a collision, and the machine freed from the grip of the men holding it, jumps away into space from the launching stage.

Ribbons Substituted for Iron Crosses.

In Germany iron is so scarce that enough cannot be spared to make all the Iron Crosses needed to carry out the government's policy of wholesale distribution of war honors. At least, such a condition is strongly indicated by a souvenir from a battlefield that has been received in this country. It is a black and white ribbon which the sender, a medical officer, asserts is one

of many that have been awarded in lieu of crosses. The ribbon was found on the body of a dead enemy.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Cannon Balls Are Round. Artists—There's one good feature about this war: there won't be any cannon balls to stack up in ugly piles in our parks. These old cannon balls are absolutely inappropriate for our public squares.

Cholly—Still, you know, you can't get square cannon balls, can you?—Cartoons Magazine.

JUST LIKE TIMES OF PEACE

Correspondent Finds That in Warfare It Is the "Little Things" That Really Count.

A few hundred yards to the rear we came upon a soldier sitting on a stump. From the waist up he was as naked as a skinned rabbit. In his hand he held his shirt turned inside out, and he was studying the garment as intently as a young son of one of the best families stealing a chapter of a forbidden dime novel. But the expression was more that of a man digesting bad news.

"What are you doing, son?" the captain called out. The soldier on the stump slowly raised his eyes and looked us over. His expression was that of a detached and world-weary man breaking under the burden of a secret sorrow. We didn't seem to ease his mind much, for he sighed deeply and returned to his intense inspection.

"I'm readin' over the personal column of my shirt to see if there were any new arrivals last night," he answered the captain's question finally. "I think I must be in a convention, the way they're flockin' in on me. If I'd been a small town a week ago, I'd be a big city by now."

"Are you finding any?" "Findin' any? I ain't lost any yet!" He raised his tired eyes and studied me carefully.

"You're a newspaper reporter, ain't you?" "Yes."

"You lookin' for news to print?" "Sure."

"Well, listen. Did old General Misfortune ever billet a whole army corps of starvin' coolies on your personality an' leave 'em there to fatten up an' multiply an' replenish your shirt?" "I've had 'em."

The soldier immediately lost all interest in me and took up his duties anew.

"Goo-by," he mumbled. "If you've had 'em, you know all the news there is to know around here."

In war as in peace it's the little things that count!—William Slavens McNutt, in Collier's Weekly.

Jonah Vark. Well, all one of the burps along the line is where Jonah Vark was born when she was alive. It seems like France was mixed up in another war along about one hundred years ago and they was getting licked and Jonah was just a young gal but she dressed up in men's coat and pants and went up to the front and led the charges with a horse and she carried a white flag and the Dutchmen or whoever they was fighting against must of thought it was a flag of truce and anyway they didn't fire at them and the French captured New Orleans and win the war. The Germans is trying to pull the same stuff on our boys now and lots of times they run up and holler Conrad like they was going to give up and when your back is turned they whang away at you, but they won't pull none of that stuff on me and when one of them tries to Conrad me I will perculate them with a bayonet.—Ring W. Lardner in the Saturday Evening Post.

Dogs of War. The canine department in the French army is a command in itself; its four-footed recruits are enrolled almost more carefully than real soldiers. They have an official record, a number, an identity plate, and are never lost sight of. The dogs already have their roll of honor. Several have been cited in orders for having saved whole companies by their sagacity; others have enabled surprises to be brought off as well as avoided. As liaison agents they are invaluable, while as ammunition carriers they are practically indispensable. While a few of them can never get used to shot and shell, the majority quickly get as case-hardened as old soldiers. A dog carrying a message through a terrific barrage fire has been seen blown into the air, to come down with a thud that made it senseless, to remain stunned a while, then pick itself up, give itself a good shake, and resume its journey.

Got Employer's Day's Income. A woman who was for many years a housekeeper in the family of the late Alfred B. Nobel, the Swedish founder of the Nobel prizes, was leaving to be married. Mr. Nobel wished to reward her services and asked what she would like for a wedding gift, saying that he would be glad to give her whatever she asked. After con-

sulting with her fiancé, the woman approached Mr. Nobel and said she had decided what she wanted, but doubted whether she would get it.

"Go ahead," said the rich dynamite maker; "I told you to ask for whatever you wished."

"Will you give me your income for one day, then, Mr. Nobel?"

It took 11 men to figure it out, but the housekeeper received for a wedding present the sum of \$25,000.—Young Ladies' Journal.

HOLD ALL WISDOM IN KORAN

Arabs of the Desert Place Implicit Faith in the Teachings of Their Prophet Mahomet.

An Arab of the desert, one of the Bedawel. What are these Arabs of the desert? Today they look across the sands upon their droves of sheep and camels and peaceful are their nights. But in the olden days, the days of which they dream and chant their songs as they lie before their tents at nightfall, they were not men of pastoral tasks, but they looked upon their lances brilliant in the sunlight, horses charging into battle, men with keen dark faces filled with lust for blood and booty. They hear their women close behind them, women like these sitting now beside me, shrieking blame or telling them that death upon the battlefield was only opening wide for them the gates of paradise. They bore their flag around the eastern world, their flag that is founded on a book. The men of other nations have many books, but the Koran of the desert, the follower of the prophet, has but one, eternal, uncreated, written in the language they will hear in paradise. Within their book, the Koran, is the wisdom of the ages, and no one can add to it nor make its teachings less divine. It came from Allah's lips straight to the great Mohammed, and holds for all true followers the sum and substance of God's laws to men. That book has conquered half the world, and the Bedawel believe that the time is coming when the men of Islam shall possess the earth as their inheritance from God on high. It is written on their foreheads. These Arabs of the desert, these keen-eyed men sitting so quietly in the white moonlight, are proud with a pride we do not understand. They are proud of their lineage, of the purity of their blood, of their unbroken traditions. They are the real adventurers of the world, and their nervous, high-strung, daring characteristics have become the permanent marks of their race. One finds them ready to do and dare everything that appeals to their imagination. A cause must appeal to their emotions—must appeal to the heart, not the head—those same riotous emotions which never produce, but always ruin.—From Asia Magazine.

Yank Surprises French Men. Lieut. J. Wray Chase of Eugene, Ore., is probably regarded as a cowboy proficient in throwing the lariat, in the opinion of one French officer, Lieutenant Chase, in a letter to his wife, tells of an incident in connection with the moving of a gun.

"Yesterday we were taking a gun through a bad place," he writes. "There was about twenty feet of water, and after the gun was across I still had the brake rope on my side, so I gave it a swing and hung it nicely over the gun out of the water and mud."

"A French captain stood there and said: 'That's pretty good.'"

"Oh, I am from the West, you know," I replied, just as if I had intended to throw the rope that way. He said he knew that place and that it was a fine place. I never let on that I couldn't do the same thing again, and not one asked me to try, so everything went along without argument or explanation."

HAIRCUTS COMING HIGH.

It begins to look as if the married man will have to get his wife to mow the grass on his dome or learn to cut his own hair. For the 50-cent haircut has appeared on the barber shop horizon. The Master Barbers' association has decided that in these prosperous times their rakeoff is not sufficient to purchase the good things, so they have called a meeting for the purpose of boosting the price of a haircut to 50 cents. There is an excuse, of course. It is the war. Many barbers have been taken by the draft, is the assertion of the master wielders of the shears and razors, and it is difficult to get expert hair cutters and shavers to fill their places. Also the tips have fallen off, so the bosses are confronted with the possibility of paying higher wages to counteract the loss of tips, thus playing the good old game of "passing it on to the consumer."—New York Sun.

His Bread Pan No Wash Basin. The only pan in the camp of forest fire fighters on North river and the refusal of the cook of the camp to allow the pan to be used as a wash basin started the trouble which resulted in the discharge of part of the crew, who were forced to walk back to civilization

many a weary mile to enjoy the luxury of a bathtub and restaurant meals, says a Seattle (Wash.) dispatch to Milwaukee Free Press.

The cook decreed that the pan must be used for bread-making purposes only. He objected, as did the foreman, to the combination use of the pan. Orders were issued that all fire fighters could have their soiled countenances in a nearby creek.

Now the cook has supreme control and supervision of the pan for bread-making only.

GOLD MINING CLASSED AS ESSENTIAL.

Gold mining has been listed as an essential industry, the war industries board announced on July 19, and all reasonable priority of material and supplies used in gold production will be given. The action was taken on request of the treasury department. The decision was interpreted by an official of the priorities committee to mean that every possible assistance would be given the gold mines in obtaining necessary materials.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

STILL HAVE BARN-RAISINGS

Good Old Custom Has Not Died Out, Though the Conditions Have Greatly Changed.

The Connecticut Valley Advertiser tells its readers that on Saturday of last week a barn-raising was held at Hadlyme with about everybody in Hadlyme and East Hadden present. That was much like the old type of barn-raising, but something new comes in the statement that three kinds of liquids were to be had for the asking, one being water and another root beer. Formerly there were but two, one being hard cider and the other West India rum.

From early times up to 40 years ago dwellers in the country did not have the knack of erecting a building with no more timber in it than could be carried on a wheelbarrow; hence, to erect the frame for a barn or house was a work which taxed the strength of all the men and boys in the community and which brought the local carpenter into a place of proud importance. It was considered altogether out of the question to do the work without stimulants, and these were furnished generously, for, though a man might be "close" about many things, he could not afford to ration those who came to the raising if he hoped to spend the rest of his life in the community.

Having this in mind, he bought rum liberally, while the sour cider was brought from his own cellar, but, though its ability was recognized, it was hardly regarded seriously because everyone had an abundance of it at home, while drinking rum at the expense of another was something altogether more important. It was hard to raise a building without it, and on some occasions, fairly difficult to raise one with it. Not infrequently it was found necessary to continue the work to a second day because the spirits from St. Croix had done their work not wisely but too well. Changing manners have modified the work, for the Advertiser's account says that the barn was raised in a single afternoon. It is a pleasure to know that the work was done successfully and that this old form of communal living survives.—Hartford Courant.

AN IMITATOR.

Jack—Our curate has been appointed an army chaplain.

Ethyl—Well, he may have it in him, but I don't believe he ever can be as funny as the original Charley.

GET CLOTHING READY.

A truck will call at your home Thursday or Friday for any and all clothing you may have to donate to the Belgian Relief. Any clothing that is not too badly worn can be used, provided it is clean.

If you can't fight your money can.

MEATS

I handle fresh and salt meats and vegetables and can furnish you on short notice.

LUNCHES

and hot meals while you wait—the "wait" will be short and the eats long. Our soup is extra fine.

F. A. LOSHBOUGH

Indelible pencils at the Chronicle office.

John Selby was in from Biglick Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Selby were up from Burke Saturday for Mrs. Selby to receive medical treatment.

For driving wells, see or write J. H. Graham, Potosi, Tenn. 6-6-11.

John T. Mosier and J. C. Wallick were over from Clarksville Saturday looking after business. Mr. Mosier is engaged in the tile and timber business and Mr. Wallick is making and shipping staves.

Last week Gusto Hyder, son of Monroe Hyder, got in a mixup with the city authorities to the tune of three dollars for riding a horse beyond the speed limit inside the city limits. The boy meant no harm but he was what would be classed as reckless, to ride at such a rate. He is at least a little wiser than formerly.

Plenty of Time Books at the Chronicle office; two weeks' size and monthly, only 10c. Stenographers' note books also.

Sufficient frost was in evidence Saturday and Sunday mornings to severely damage late crops in most parts of the county. Many persons worried Sunday saving feed that threatened to be serious loss unless attended to promptly. In spite of all efforts much damage was done. It is very unusual for frost to visit us so early. As a usual thing September 25 is early while October 1 to 10 is the usual time for damaging frost.

P. L. Stone and Isaac Kittren were over from Potosi Monday.

Lester Hill, one of the leading merchants of Crab Orchard and one of the most active and energetic business men of the county, was over Monday looking after business.

Mrs. L. W. Martin plans to leave today for Seattle, Washington, to join her husband who has been called to the colors. She will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Fannie Detolia, and they will pass a day there shopping before she leaves for the Pacific coast.

Baxter Burnett and family moved to Monterey yesterday to be more conveniently located to Mr. Burnett's work as brakeman on the Tennessee Central railroad.

Mrs. A. S. Ross arrived from Nashville Friday for a stay of some days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Elmore. Chief Yeoman Ross came up from Nashville Saturday to pass the week-end. Mrs. Ross will return this week.

Chas. Flynn has been suffering for some weeks with what seems to be an abscess in the left ear. It has given him considerable trouble but Dr. V. L. Lewis is treating it and as a result a very marked improvement is noted the past few days.

LOST OR STRAYED—One two-year-old steer of good average size, deep red, has long spreading horns, marked with smooth crop and under bit in right and swallow fork and over bit in left ear. Last seen about three weeks ago, one mile south of Crossville. If anyone sees this steer please notify me by card at Crossville. James D. Brown. 9-25-21

Crane's stationery by the quire and envelopes by the bunch at the Chronicle office. —Nothing made better than Crane's.

E. P. Brewer arrived home Saturday from a drinking trip that took him through parts of Fentress and Morgan counties. He reports business good.

H. J. Dunbar and son, Walter, arrived home from Nashville Thursday. The boy had been attending the state fair and seeing the sights of the city. Mr. Dunbar is working at the Hadley Bend power plant. He returned to his work Monday.

At the last annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Idaho John A. Brown was elected grand lecturer for the state. Mr. Brown was formerly a resident of this county but moved to Buhl, Idaho, about ten years ago.

A pie supper will be given at Howard Springs school house Saturday night. Proceeds to go to salary of preacher.

Prof. A. J. Albertson, Mrs. E. B. Cape and W. G. Admond attended the Morgan county fair last week.

WILL MAKE BROOMS—We will make your brooms for 30 cents for first class brooms and 25 for second class, or they will be made on the halves if preferred. About 40 heads will make a medium broom. THE BROOM FACTORY, Mayland, Tenn.

Miss Bessie Tollett, daughter of Mark Tollett, Linton, arrived home from Washington, D. C. Thursday on a vacation of a few weeks. She is has been working in the War Risk department. She plans to return in a few weeks.

Misses Gladys and Juanita Comstock left Sunday for Murfreesboro to enter the State Normal school for this year. Miss Gladys was a student there last year.

TEAMS WANTED—Can use 25 teams logging and hauling lumber, pay good prices. Address or come to see —Sharp & Kansom, Ozone, Tenn.

Through oversight we failed to mention the attendance of J. W. Wyatt, of Dayton, at our county fair. He was much pleased with the exhibits. Mr. Wyatt was raised in this county and has many friends who are glad to welcome him on his annual visits.

Buy bonds before it's verboten.